A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

St. PETER *and a* Low-Church-Man,

St. *PETER.*

WHy, how now friend, I prithee of what Church
Art thou, who knocks so boldly at the Porch.

Low Churchman.) If the Profession of my Faith you'd know
I'm of that Church which People call the *Low*,
A *Moderator*, full of saving Grace
Therefore friend *Peter* let me Pass.

St. *Pet.)* Stand off, Proud *Soul*, have I my honour lost,
Sure thou forget'st my Title and my Post
Have I been Sainted many hundred Years
As by the *Roman* Calender appears.
And after all must I be thus despis'd,
By *Clowns*, as if i'd ne'er been Cannoniz'd.

Low Church.) Thou know'st friend *Peter*, thou wer't mean of Birth,
And bred but a poor Fisher-man on Earth,
'Tis true, the *Romans* say, thou wer't their *Pope*,
Thou'rt ne'er the more a Saint for that I hope,
For *Pope*'s are wicked *Anti christian* things
Meer Bishops, and as bad, or worse than Kings,
How then can we that are the Righteous Grant
To thee the Holy Title of a Saint.

St. *Pet.)* Have you this *Doctrine* from a *Low Church* Guide
Do you in such grols Falsities Confide
Was I not long since an Apostle chose,
And have I not the Power to Bind or *Loose*,
When my great Lord by *Judas* was betray'd,
Did I not boldly draw my trusty blade
And Cleave the Ear of *Malchus* from his Head.
Was not my stedy Faith the Rock or Stone,
The very Christian *Church* was built upon,
And were not *Heavens* Keys resign'd to me
In Witness of my stanch Fidelity,
Did I not Preach the Truth where e'er I came,
And *Dye* at last a *Martyr* for the same,
Ascend from Earth to keep the Holy Gate,
Where *Kings* and *Bishops* do my leisure wait,
And must my Saint ship be disputed now,
By such a *Worthless*, *Stubborn* Soul as thou
When Princes do my sacred Stile allow.

Low Church) You've done your self great Honour I confess,
But 'tis an easie Task to make it less,
Your tatter'd *Nets* you did forsake it's true,
D. B's Doctrine. Perhaps for the good loaves you had in View,
What tho' you drew your Whiniard, as you said,
And cut the *High Priest*'s Servant o'er the Head,
Did you not prove an *Atheist* and a *Lyar*,
And thrice deny your Master by the Fire,
How then can such a Lame Apostle expect
That Title, only Due to the Elect,

St.

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St, P.) Blaſphemous *Wretch*, how durſt thy wick'd Mouth,
Diſhonour and Prophane the holy truth
Did'ſt thou not know it was before decreed
That I ſhould ſay and do what E're I Did
Did not the God-head in the Fleſh foreſee
And truly Propheſy how things ſhould be
How then could I do other than fulfil
His Sacred word, according to his will
Low Church-Man,) Your Lord's pre-knowledge of your Falſe reply
Could not Injoyn his Servant to a Lye
Chriſt was too juſt, who did your Guilt foreſee
To force you to a ſinful Falſity
No; 'twas your fear, and not your Saviours Words,
That caus'd you to deny the Lord of Lords,
The Son of Truth would not impoſe on you
What's Falſe to make his own Predictions true
Therefore inſtead of me 'tis you Blaſpheme,
In Charging your own Frailty upon him,
St. P.) Tho' Heaven Commands no Mortal Man to Sin,
Nor does to Evil deeds our Hearts incline.
Yet does it of't permit the beſt on Earth.
To ſhew the Curſe Intail'd on human Birth;
That Man may know by Nature he's too baſe
And weak to do his Duty without Grace.
Proud Man on his own Strength would elſe depend
And no Oblations to his Maker ſend.
Forget from whence he does his Breath Derive,
And thought-leſs of his God would thankleſs live.
Therefore wiſe Heaven, tho' my Faith was Strong
Permitttted me to do my Conſcience Wrong,
That future Ages by my Lapſe might See
No Chriſtian without Grace can ſtedfaſt be
Not that juſt Heaven Commanded me to Sin
But thro' neglect the Devil drew me in.
This Weakneſs of my Nature *Chriſt* foreſaw
Therefore foretold how I ſhould break his Law!
hat future Chriſtians might depend alone
On God, and no lame Vertues of their own
But at all times and Seaſons Watchful be
And humbly Pray they may be always Free
From theſe Temptations that prevail'd on me
Low Church.) Prithee, old Friend, forbear this Needleſs Chat
Keep me not in Suſpence but open the Gate,
I've here a good Certificate to ſhew
I lov'd the *Church* and the *Diſſenters* too
Pray'd and Commun'd with both, oft fed the Poor
And Join'd with all ſides to be more ſecure
Therefore I hope you'll not Diſpute my Right,
To paſs the Gate into Eternal Light
St. P.) Hold, Friend they Paſsport wants a Biſhop's Seal
Thou Com'ſt not from the Church Epiſcopal
I Can't preſume to let you in this way
You muſt return to yonder *Gloom* and ſtay
To have that Cauſe Determin'd at the laſt great Day

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